Orbis

[Part One]

(Recap from the previous story, The Vengeance Of Morbius. Door unchained and opened.)
LUCIE MILLER: What the hell ... Blimey, it's you. Never thought I'd see *you* again.
(Gun unholstered.)
LUCIE MILLER: Hey, there's no need for...
(Gun charged up.)
THE HEADHUNTER: If you make another move, I'll kill you.
LUCIE MILLER: But - what...
THE HEADHUNTER: Speaking counts as moving, Lucie Miller.
LUCIE MILLER: What? No, you can't be serious, no, you can't...!
(Shot fired. Silence.)

(TARDIS control room console warbles.)
LUCIE MILLER: Can't be serious...
THE HEADHUNTER: Oh, for heaven's sake.
LUCIE MILLER: Can't...
(Sound of gun shooting reversal.)
THE HEADHUNTER: Five, four, three, two...
LUCIE MILLER: I mean, me Mam'll go spare if she finds us dead on the doorstep...
THE HEADHUNTER: Brain engage with mouth?
LUCIE MILLER: And her over the road ... Oh! Heck. The TARDIS.
THE HEADHUNTER: Finally.
LUCIE MILLER: I'm in the TARDIS?
THE HEADHUNTER: Well done.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, but ... the TARDIS?
THE HEADHUNTER: Get used to it.
LUCIE MILLER: Even smells like the TARDIS. Moth balls and engine oil. Hey! You shot me! Right here, in the chest!
THE HEADHUNTER: Then I un-shot you.
LUCIE MILLER: You can't un-shoot someone.
THE HEADHUNTER: With quantum-tipped time bullets you can. Hold on tight.
LUCIE MILLER: Time bullets?
THE HEADHUNTER: Don't listen, then.
(TARDIS dematerialisation noise starts up.)
LUCIE MILLER: (cry.) Hey!
THE HEADHUNTER: I did say.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, but ... you're not qualified. You're not a Time Lord, you're just a ... well, I don't know what you are.
THE HEADHUNTER: Recruitment consultant.
LUCIE MILLER: Assassin, more like.
THE HEADHUNTER: Hiring, firing, same difference.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, the Headhunter, we all get it. Take me back!
THE HEADHUNTER: Oh. Back to Blackpool?
LUCIE MILLER: Nothing wrong with Blackpool.
THE HEADHUNTER: Do you want to help me find him?
LUCIE MILLER: I...
THE HEADHUNTER: Or not?
LUCIE MILLER: Him? You mean ... you don't mean ... No. He died. I saw it. Six months ago.
THE HEADHUNTER: Fine, don't believe me.
LUCIE MILLER: I don't.
THE HEADHUNTER: That's your prerogative.
LUCIE MILLER: Exactly. Where are we going?
THE HEADHUNTER: Tween-Space. A layer of cosmic sediment.
LUCIE MILLER: What, like at the bottom of a bad pint?
THE HEADHUNTER: A place where the dregs settle.
(Console bleeps as controls are pressed.)
LUCIE MILLER: You'd better not be having me on.

(Noise of lurch, LUCIE MILLER gasps, dematerialisation.)
THE HEADHUNTER: Hold on.
LUCIE MILLER: I thought he was a rubbish driver but you are...
(She cries out.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh! ... really rubbish!
THE HEADHUNTER: It's not the pilot that's the problem.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah.
THE HEADHUNTER: The Universe is being destroyed, Lucie Miller, and there's only one person in all of existence who can stop it!
LUCIE MILLER: The Doctor?
THE HEADHUNTER: The Doctor!

(Sound like raining.)
SELTA: Old Doctor, are you here? Old Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Course I'm here. Where else would I be but here?
SELTA: There is a storm coming.
THE DOCTOR: We know.
SELTA: Old Doctor...
THE DOCTOR: Old Doctor. Like an old wreck. You and me both, old girl. Right, come on, let's get you going.
(Noise of turning of machine.)
THE DOCTOR: That's it. That's it, yes. Yes!
SELTA: Old Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Not now, Selta.
(Something snaps.)
THE DOCTOR: Ow!
(Machine powers down.)
SELTA: Are you all right, Old Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: What did you do that for?
SELTA: I ... I did nothing, Old Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: I - Look, I'm not old. Well, when I say not old, I mean not *incredibly* old. You Keltans have such blink and you'll miss it life-spans, you'd think a mayfly was long in the tooth.
SELTA: You are cross, I think.
THE DOCTOR: You think?
SELTA: Well, it is hard to tell, you - you have no iridescence.
THE DOCTOR: No, I'm not cross, it's just the drive belt whipped my fingers when it snapped.
SELTA: And you cannot fix it?
THE DOCTOR: Not unless you're wearing tights.
SELTA: Tights?
THE DOCTOR: You're a walking jellyfish. Trust me, you're not wearing tights. Well, old girl, I'm sorry about that, I'll think of something else.
SELTA: Where will you find these ... tights?
(Working on a machine while speaking.)
THE DOCTOR: Er ... on legs, mainly. Bank robbers being a notable exception.
SELTA: Oh. They are an other worlds thing.
THE DOCTOR: Just one other world. Full of bipedal hominids. Earth.
SELTA: And that is where this ship came from?
THE DOCTOR: From Earth? Oh, good grief, no.
SELTA: I thought, since it runs on tights...
THE DOCTOR: Logic? I like that. No, no, the tights are to function as a drive belt. The drive belt turns the engine and with luck the engine trickles enough power into the console here...
SELTA: To make this old girl of yours fly.
THE DOCTOR: She's not mine.
SELTA: Well then, why do you ... spend all your time here?
THE DOCTOR: Once I had a ship. Not a cramped little capsule like this, a ship, a ship of Time. Bigger on the inside than the out.
SELTA: Bigger on the inside...
THE DOCTOR: You know Selta, you remind me of someone.
SELTA: A bipedal hominid?
THE DOCTOR: Now, now, some of my best friends have been bipedal hominids ... I think.

SELTA: So your old ship...
THE DOCTOR: My TARDIS.
SELTA: TARDIS. Where is it now? The bottom of the sea?
THE DOCTOR: No, no, not here. Not on Orbis.
SELTA: Well then...
THE DOCTOR: Where I left it, I expect.
SELTA: They say you *came* from the bottom of the sea, the Elders.
THE DOCTOR: The Elders.
SELTA: Where did you come from, Old Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: It's a long story.
SELTA: I should like to hear it.
THE DOCTOR: I fell.

(Flashback to previous story)
MORBIUS: If there is no destiny for me, then you will join me in my oblivion!
THE DOCTOR: Morbius!
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, no!
(THE DOCTOR cry as he falls.)
LUCIE MILLER: (echoed) Doctor...!

(Thunder.)
SELTA: Old Doctor? The storm has arrived.
THE DOCTOR: Storm? Oh yes.
SELTA: We must shelter here. So, there is time for your story?
THE DOCTOR: My story. You win, Selta. Now, are you squatting uncomfortably?
SELTA: I am settling my tentacles.
THE DOCTOR: Then we shall begin.
(As THE DOCTOR is about to speak, an electronic signal.)
THE DOCTOR: Ah. Ah-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!
SELTA: Doctor, what is that noise?
THE DOCTOR: Yes. Yes! Oh yes!
SELTA: Yes, but what is it, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: An atmospheric scanner. There's just enough juice in the power cells to respond to a shift in the composition of the planet's troposphere. That's how I knew the storm was coming.
SELTA: Oh.
THE DOCTOR: Let's see. Ionisation sixty-four per cent, air pressure one million and twenty-five dynes per square centimetre...
SELTA: This is bad?
THE DOCTOR: It's changing. The whole of the troposphere is changing.
SELTA: My Bloom Father says it is just the season for storms.
THE DOCTOR: I've lived through more storm seasons than anyone. It should have ended weeks ago, months ago. No, there's a reason for this. Something up there.
SELTA: In the ... troposphere...?
THE DOCTOR: No, no, no, no, no, no, beyond that. Beyond Orbis. In space.

SACCOSTREA: Crassostrea. Great Crassostrea. I have news.
(Squelching sound.)
CRASSOSTREA: Oh! I'm feeding, Secretary Saccostrea.
SACCOSTREA: Well ... your girth suggests you've been feeding for some considerable time.
CRASSOSTREA: Oh! But how can one's female organs ever develop on a feeble diet of photo-plankton?
SACCOSTREA: You have cravings, Great Crassostrea?
CRASSOSTREA: Mm. I am through denying. I ache to breed.
SACCOSTREA: Oh, that would explain your temper of late.
CRASSOSTREA: Mm? Meaning what, Secretary?
(Sound of creature moving.)
SACCOSTREA: Well, the recent massacre of the Tetraploids? The firing of the murk water vents? The broiling of your crocs?
CRASSOSTREA: Oh. I have mood swings? Is that what you're saying?

SACCOSTREA: Far be it for me to issue a diagnosis.
CRASSOSTREA: Then ... then ... then ... I am developing. Aah! It's begun!
SACCOSTREA: I do hope so. I have received a communication from the Barometer General.
CRASSOSTREA: Oh!
SACCOSTREA: To the effect that his preliminary figures for the atmospheric survey of planet Orbis have been verified and confirmed.
CRASSOSTREA: And ... she is sure?
SACCOSTREA: Within an acceptable band of certainty.
CRASSOSTREA: Ohh! But this is marvellous! (Laughs.) Pop her information pearl in my reading valve, then.
SACCOSTREA: Of course.
(Squelching and groaning.)
SACCOSTREA: The Barometer General isn't noted for his conciseness.
CRASSOSTREA: No, no, no ... it's good. I need all the figures she can give me if I am to confront the Galactic Council.
SACCOSTREA: Shall I...?
CRASSOSTREA: Yes, yes. Open the channel. They'll have to listen to me now. Now that the changes in Orbis's environment are scientifically proved. Oh! This is a great day for the Molluscari.
SACCOSTREA: But not such a great day for the inhabitants of Orbis.

(TARDIS in flight, fast.)
LUCIE MILLER: What do you mean, the Universe is being destroyed? I'm talking to you.
THE HEADHUNTER: Warp brake, Lucie, where's the warp brake?
LUCIE MILLER: Never heard of it.
THE HEADHUNTER: Then how does he slow down?
LUCIE MILLER: Boy racer. He doesn't. Oh.
(The fast dematerialisation noise starts to slow down.)
THE HEADHUNTER: I don't ... This doesn't make sense.
LUCIE MILLER: What's the matter? Didn't you read the manual?
THE HEADHUNTER: All seventeen volumes. It's not so different from any standard vortex podule.
LUCIE MILLER: All seventeen?
THE HEADHUNTER: Of course.
LUCIE MILLER: The ones he stands on to reach his Steam Enthusiast magazines?
THE HEADHUNTER: One presumes.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. That's not the manual. That's the quick start guide.
THE HEADHUNTER: *Quick* start guide?
LUCIE MILLER: The manual? That's got its own library. A couple of miles down the wardrobe corridor. Well, when I say corridor, I mean it's more of a street really than a corridor, but...
THE HEADHUNTER: Sling shot mode.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. Is that what it says?
THE HEADHUNTER: Well, worth a try.
(Console bleeps as buttons are pressed.)
LUCIE MILLER: Where did you find it? The TARDIS?
THE HEADHUNTER: The Sisterhood acquired it.
LUCIE MILLER: You know the Sisterhood?
THE HEADHUNTER: Such lovely sisters. Yes, I know them. And I know the way their mystically-addled minds work too. If they'd rescued the TARDIS...
LUCIE MILLER: You mean ... he's wherever the Sisterhood are?
THE HEADHUNTER: No. The TARDIS was a trophy. A Time Lord scalp.
LUCIE MILLER: Which means...?
THE HEADHUNTER: Which means, whatever happened to the Doctor, the Sisters did it to him.
LUCIE MILLER: They saved him?
THE HEADHUNTER: Teleported him out of the abyss.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, but where to?
THE HEADHUNTER: Knowing the Sisters, somewhere worse.
LUCIE MILLER: What? Than certain death?
(Engines going even faster.)
LUCIE MILLER: Hey. The engines.

THE HEADHUNTER: Sling shot mode. If you thought we were going fast before...
(Sudden rush of movement. LUCIE MILLER and THE HEADHUNTER cry out as though experiencing G-force.)

KELTAN BOY: Help me! Someone help me! I'm here in this sinkwell. I can't move my legs.
THE DOCTOR: Then don't. Can we have some help here?
KELTAN BOY: Old Doctor. Is it Old Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: I am not so old, honestly.
KELTAN BOY: Oh, Kelta be thanked.
SELTA: Vimix? What are you doing down there?
THE DOCTOR: Don't tell me. Scrumping for barnacles again.
KELTAN BOY: The water came here when the storm broke and I was caught...
THE DOCTOR: That'll learn you.
KELTAN BOY: Oh, I'm sorry, Old Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Just hold on, Vimix. (Calling) Seaweed lines! We need seaweed lines!
SELTA: Help's coming.
(KELTAN BOY gasps.)
THE DOCTOR: Hurry!
YANOS: We are here, Old Doctor, old friend.
SELTA: Bloom father Yanos. It is Vimix.
THE DOCTOR: Scrumping again. If I've told him once...
YANOS: It's all right, Old Doctor. Steady! Hold steady! Let the weed feel its own way down!
THE DOCTOR: Can you see it? Can you see the weed?
KELTAN BOY: Oh ... not yet.
YANOS: On, the young ones. Their limbs do not develop as they should. Have you netted him? Yes? Then heave.
(Heaving groans.)
THE DOCTOR: He'll be fine. He'll learn from the fright.
YANOS: He doesn't know his bloom sisters are dead.
THE DOCTOR: Since when?
YANOS: The rains came in so hard this time. The nursery pools were inundated.
SELTA: No!
THE DOCTOR: I told you, Yanos. I warned you the western sea wall was completely inadequate.
SELTA: It's true, Bloom Father.
THE DOCTOR: Then that's it. We'll have to rebuild. Higher up this time.
YANOS: There is no higher up.
THE DOCTOR: Stilts. We'll put the whole town on stilts.
YANOS: Stilts?
SELTA: They are an other worlds thing.
YANOS: I know what stilts are, child.
THE DOCTOR: Come on, Yanos, there's nothing we can't do if we put our minds to it.
YANOS: Old Doctor, you are an inspiration to all of us. We Keltans owe you everything.
THE DOCTOR: Look, it's simple, it's simple. We'll grow legs with dried vine, coat them with barnacles for resilience...
YANOS: But now our planet turns against us. Now the storm season never lets up. Now Orbis abhors us.
THE DOCTOR: Nonsense. Never say die, Yanos. Never give up.
SELTA: Never ever never give up.
THE DOCTOR: Remember the Molluscari, Yanos? If we can see off the territorial claims of a horde of aggressive space oysters, we can see off anything, even the elements.
YANOS: Old Doctor, you can't fight nature.
THE DOCTOR: Granted, it might be a little more difficult than presenting a convincing argument to the local Galactic Council via inter-space radio...
YANOS: You did more than that, Old Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: But we will find a way. Believe me, there's always a way.
SELTA: Listen to him, Bloom Father.
THE DOCTOR: Think of it like this, Yanos. Orbis is drowning. It's not like things can get any worse.

(Noises of clacking like oyster speech.)
SACCOSTREA: Attention, attention! Be attentive for the Great Crassostrea.
CRASSOSTREA: Oh, just give it here, Secretary. Erm...
(CRASSOSTREA clears his throat. Microphone whine.)
CRASSOSTREA: My Molluscari multitudes, I have great news. Greater than my conquest of the Tetraploids. (Laugh.) Greater even than my firing of the murk water vents. First, my female organs are developing.
(He laughs. Oyster clacking. Growl from CRASSOSTREA.)
CRASSOSTREA: Clack louder, or I shall have you all broiled in your shells.
(Louder clacking.)
CRASSOSTREA: That goes for you too, Saccostrea.
SACCOSTREA: Of course, sir ... Er, Ma'am.
CRASSOSTREA: Second, I have received a communication pearl from the Galactic Council. (Laugh.) Not that the Great Crassostrea has the least respect for that mouldering body of limpets. But, it is an instruction to the effect that, considering recent catastrophic changes in the environment of the planet Orbis, the Keltan species claim to life can no longer be held tenable!
(He laughs, breaks off. Silence.)
CRASSOSTREA: Well, it's ... it's a good thing.
(Clacking from his audience.)
CRASSOSTREA: The Molluscari claim is proven. Orbis is ours.
SACCOSTREA: Provisionally. Subject to independent audit.
CRASSOSTREA: Shut up, Saccostrea. My Molluscari, we shall breed a new generation on the clear blue plankton-rich ocean of Orbis. No-one can stop us! Not the Galactic Council, not the Keltans.
SACCOSTREA: And not even Old Doctor.
CRASSOSTREA: So, fire up the clam ships. The time of spawning is near!
(Clacking from his audience.)

(Inside the TARDIS, calm control room.)
THE HEADHUNTER: Better?
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. I think. Eurgh!
THE HEADHUNTER: I hope you're going to clean that up. I can't believe you did that in his toolbox.
LUCIE MILLER: It doesn't come with sick-bags, all right? And if the pilot knew the first thing about TARDIS navigation...
THE HEADHUNTER: Navigation's not the issue.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, you're just rubbish.
THE HEADHUNTER: I'm not rubbish, Lucie Miller, it's the TARDIS itself.
LUCIE MILLER: It was all right when he flew it last.
THE HEADHUNTER: It was. Now it's as sick as you.
LUCIE MILLER: What?
THE HEADHUNTER: They're linked. Time Lords and TARDISes. One is less without the other.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh my God. She needs him.
THE HEADHUNTER: She's an old ship. Coming to the end of her natural life. Without him she's leaking time waste all over the vortex.
LUCIE MILLER: Waste?
THE HEADHUNTER: Not the sort you can wipe up and flush away.
LUCIE MILLER: You said ... you said something a...bout the Universe being destroyed.
THE HEADHUNTER: Time waste soils the very fabric of the vortex, rots it away.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, but ... why do you care?
THE HEADHUNTER: The Time Lords are in hiding still. TARDISes are few and far between. That, rather pleasingly, inflates the price.
LUCIE MILLER: You've sold it?
THE HEADHUNTER: Only, my buyer doesn't want an ailing vessel belching out space-destroying matter in its wake.
LUCIE MILLER: You don't care about him. You just want him to fix the TARDIS!
THE HEADHUNTER: I want him to *regenerate* the TARDIS. Then I want him to transfer ownership to me.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh! Yeah, like he'll just do that.
THE HEADHUNTER: He will. If it's the only way to persuade me to remove the quantum-tipped

time bullet from your brain, Lucie Miller.
LUCIE MILLER: You wouldn't! What am I saying? Of course you would.
(Console bleeps.)
THE HEADHUNTER: Estimated time of arrival in Tween-space, thirty-two minutes, relatively speaking. Hadn't you better brush your teeth?

(Outside.)
SELTA: Moonlight becomes you, Old Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Sounds like a cue for a song.
SELTA: A strange sort of song.
THE DOCTOR: Strange sort of moon.
SELTA: It is?
THE DOCTOR: Look, I'll draw you a diagram.
(Sound of drawing.)
THE DOCTOR: Now, most satellites, they rise in the west, and wane in the east, like this. Or is it the other way round?
SELTA: I...
THE DOCTOR: Anyway, the point is, this one is different. It tracks Orbis exactly like ... like there's an invisible thread connecting the two.
SELTA: We Keltans do not much consider the moon.
THE DOCTOR: An invisible thread, extending to a point, fifty miles north-north-east, out to sea.
SELTA: There is a funeral feast, Old Doctor. We will be celebrating the lives of the children we lost in the storm, in the way you showed our forebears.
THE DOCTOR: I merely suggested to your forebears that eating then regurgitating the bodies of their own deceased wasn't a very efficient way to compost the seabed. Eventually they seemed to agree with me.
SELTA: Yes. I ... I should be honoured if you would accompany me, to the dancing.
THE DOCTOR: I, erm, I don't have the legs for it, Selta.
(Rumble.)
SELTA: Doctor, look.
THE DOCTOR: I don't believe it. Clam ships.
SELTA: Clam ships? Then that means...
THE DOCTOR: The Molluscari, coming in to land.
SELTA: They're back!
THE DOCTOR: Run, Selta, run! Raise the alarm, the Molluscari are back!

(Whine of engines, internal.)
CRASSOSTREA: Bring this thing into land. Oh, but this Keltan muck mass is a monstrous carbuncle, Saccostrea. The first thing I'll do is to blast it into the sea.
SACCOSTREA: May I remind you, Great Crassostrea, that it's not ours to blast? Not yet. The Galactic Council.
CRASSOSTREA: What have they got to do with the price of fish?
SACCOSTREA: The Galactic Council have only just rescinded economic sanctions on Molluscari trade. They have *everything* to do with the price of fish.
CRASSOSTREA: Yes, yes, yes.
SACCOSTREA: We're here to give the Keltans notice, Great Crassostrea, that is all.
CRASSOSTREA: Well, they've noticed us all right. They're massing by the shoreline.
SACCOSTREA: Then you may address them. But please, no blasting.

(Closer rumbling, outside.)
YANOS: Doctor. Oh, it is true.
THE DOCTOR: I'm afraid so, Yanos.
YANOS: But - but ... but the Molluscari claim on Orbis was comprehensively refuted.
SELTA: By the Galactic Council.
THE DOCTOR: They're bullies, Selta, and if there's one thing bullies can't bear, it's being bullied into submission themselves. I'd better talk to them.
SELTA: Old Doctor, be careful.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, don't worry. Molluscari, hear me. I am old ... I am *The* Doctor, and I represent the interests of the Keltan species.
(Clanking noise of opening of door.)

SELTA: Doctor, the clam ship.
THE DOCTOR: I know.
SELTA: They're coming out.
YANOS: Be calm. We will stand firm. Old Doctor is here to protect us.
CRASSOSTREA: Old Doctor? This pink prawn, your protector?
THE DOCTOR: Prawn?
SELTA: You are pink though, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Well yeah, but...
SELTA: I like your colour. I like it very much.
THE DOCTOR: Great Crassostrea. It is the Great Crassostrea, is it? It's hard to tell.
CRASSOSTREA: Oh. So we Molluscari all look the same to you?
THE DOCTOR: No, but you used to be male. Mind you, you don't properly look female either. (Gasp.)
THE DOCTOR: Anyhow, a word in your shell-like.
CRASSOSTREA: Shell-like?
SELTA: It is an other worlds thing.
THE DOCTOR: Thank you, Selta. Now, I don't know what you Molluscari think you're playing at, but I warn you. I will not tolerate any harassment of the Keltan species, nor will the Galactic Council.
CRASSOSTREA: Ah but, in this matter, I represent the Galactic Council, Old Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: You?
(CRASSOSTREA laughs.)
CRASSOSTREA: Secretary? The pearl.
SACCOSTREA: Ah yes, the pearl. Er...
CRASSOSTREA: The pearl, now.
SACCOSTREA: Oh. Silly me. I left it in my reading valve.
CRASSOSTREA: Oh, give it here.
(He clears his throat.)
CRASSOSTREA: I have in my pincer a data pearl containing an assessment by the scrutineers of the Galactic Council confirming that the climate of this world Orbis is undergoing irreversible change, and that shortly, *very*shortly, it will become inimical to Keltan life.
YANOS: What's he talking about, Old Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Shh, Yanos.
CRASSOSTREA: He knows, your Old Doctor. He's cleverer than a brain sponge reef. He knows.
THE DOCTOR: The storm season shows no sign of ending, it is true.
CRASSOSTREA: Ah-ha!
THE DOCTOR: But that doesn't mean you Keltans cannot adapt and thrive, despite these changes.
CRASSOSTREA: No, not according to the Galactic Council, Old Doctor. According to the Galactic Council, the Keltan species, amphibious part land dwelling, will shortly go extinct.
THE DOCTOR: No - no, no, no.
CRASSOSTREA: Take the data pearl. See for yourselves. Now, come on. Which one of you will take it?
YANOS: I shall.
THE DOCTOR: Yanos, don't listen to him ... I - I mean her.
YANOS: I am Bloom Leader, it is my duty, Old Doctor.
CRASSOSTREA: Oh, come on, come on, I won't bite.
YANOS: Give it to me, Crassostrea.
CRASSOSTREA: Oh, very well. Hold out your tentacle.
YANOS: If I must...
(Snap, YANOS sudden cry.)
SELTA: Bloom father!
CRASSOSTREA: Yes, I won't bite. But I may pinch.
THE DOCTOR: Vicious brute!
CRASSOSTREA: (laugh) Oh, come on. It's not like he can't spare a tentacle or two.
SELTA: Bloom father, are you all right?
(YANOS cry in pain.)
CRASSOSTREA: The data pearl, Old Doctor. Catch!
(Sound of THE DOCTOR catching pearl.)

THE DOCTOR: Oh! ... I won't thank you.
CRASSOSTREA: Study it well. But don't take too long. The Galactic Council ratify the report in three days time. After which, the Keltan lease on Orbis will be expired, and the Molluscari claim confirmed.
THE DOCTOR: I shall read it, Crassostrea, but in the meantime, think on this.
(Bleeps.)
CRASSOSTREA: On what?
SACCOSTREA: On a rusted metal wand, it looks like.
THE DOCTOR: Oh sorry, touch of salt water in the mechanism. Think on this!
(Sonic screwdriver whirring. CRASSOSTREA and SACCOSTREA cry out.)
THE DOCTOR: Old Doctor's old sonic screwdriver, set to the perfect pitch, to vibrate Molluscari from their shells.
SACCOSTREA: Great Crassostrea ... we must retreat!
CRASSOSTREA: I'll be back then for you, Old Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Get out of here. Get out of town.
(Clank of spaceship. Whirring, sonic screwdriver turned off, sound of rocket motors.)
YANOS: Are they going, Old Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: For now.
SELTA: But you heard them, Doctor. They'll be back.
YANOS: We're doomed, we Keltans, all doomed.
THE DOCTOR: Never ever, ever give up. Tonight we mourn our dead.
YANOS: (tearful) Oh, no, no...
THE DOCTOR: Tomorrow we make stilts, we build defences. But tonight we mourn our dead, and we dance. That's right, isn't it, Selta?
SELTA: If you say so, Old Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: We dance!

(The TARDIS materialises. Control room. Tapping as though on a keyboard.)
LUCIE MILLER: That's it?
THE HEADHUNTER: We've arrived. A world named Orbis. The province of a species known as Keltans.
LUCIE MILLER: Are they nice?
THE HEADHUNTER: You'll see.
LUCIE MILLER: And ... he's out there? The Doctor?
THE HEADHUNTER: So I'm led to believe.
LUCIE MILLER: I just open the doors, and ... he's there?
THE HEADHUNTER: Somewhere out there, yes.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, God. I must look a state.
THE HEADHUNTER: He won't care.
LUCIE MILLER: Mm. Guess not. Mr Waistcoat Seventeen Sixty-Nine.
(She takes a deep breath.)
LUCIE MILLER: Okay. I'm ready.
THE HEADHUNTER: Doors?
(Doors opened. Windswept ocean sound.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh! What the flippin' hell!
(She cries out.)
THE HEADHUNTER: That'll be the Great Ocean of Orbis.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, but where's the great land of Orbis? Oh...
THE HEADHUNTER: About fifty miles south-south-west.
LUCIE MILLER: So how are we gonna get there? Swim?
THE HEADHUNTER: You really do walk into these things.
LUCIE MILLER: What do you mean, walk into ...
(Push. LUCIE MILLER cry, splash. LUCIE MILLER gasps, thrashing about in water.)
THE HEADHUNTER: Yes, you're wasting energy, thrashing about like that.
LUCIE MILLER: Get me out of here!
(She coughs.)
THE HEADHUNTER: Fifty miles south-south-west. Saline concentration is significantly higher than the Earth average. You'll float.
LUCIE MILLER: I can't swim fifty miles!
(Gurgling.)

THE HEADHUNTER: Luckily for you, the current is driving you in that direction anyhow.
LUCIE MILLER: You are sick...
THE HEADHUNTER: Unluckily for you, the current is itself being driven by a rather hefty storm front.
(Thunder in the background.)
LUCIE MILLER: You what?
THE HEADHUNTER: You'll be fine, so long as you keep your mouth shut. (To herself:) Granted, that's a very big "if".
LUCIE MILLER: I'm so gonna have you for this!
(She gurgles.)
THE HEADHUNTER: How charmingly urbane.
(Doors closed, inside control room. Bleeps like mobile phone.)
THE HEADHUNTER: Come on. Come on, connect.
(Indistinct voice over radio.)
THE HEADHUNTER: I'm here. Hovering several metres above the Great Ocean of Orbis.
(Indistinct reply.)
THE HEADHUNTER: Shut up! There's a sequence of co-ordinates embedded in this data stream. We dive at dawn.

(Sound of calm sea in background.)
SELTA: Biped? Biped?
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, get off...
SELTA: Biped? Are your gills open?
LUCIE MILLER: Five more minutes, that's all.
SELTA: Biped!
LUCIE MILLER: Oh - it's Sunday!
(LUCIE MILLER gasps.)
SELTA: Biped?
(LUCIE MILLER cries out in fright.)
SELTA: Oh. You are alarmed?
LUCIE MILLER: Oh my God. Jelly ... fish. Great big jellyfish thing. Oh my God!
SELTA: Ple... please do not be alarmed.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, like you're not gonna sting me, or ... I don't know, jellify me. Eurgh!
SELTA: You speak Keltan?
LUCIE MILLER: No, you're speaking English. It's the TARDIS, it ... Oh never mind, it's complicated. Just don't do any jelly stuff, all right? Eurgh, jelly, ugh!
SELTA: It's as well I don't find you so repulsive, or I wouldn't have pulled you out of the sea.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. Oh God, sorry. It's just I've got a thing about jelly. Incident at a children's party, Nineteen Ninety-Two. Trust me, you don't want to know. You're a Keltan!
SELTA: My name is Selta. I can't call you "biped".
LUCIE MILLER: Oh - Lucie. Lucie Miller. Oh God, I'm soaked through.
SELTA: What were you doing in the Great Ocean of Orbis?
LUCIE MILLER: Drowning, nearly. I was pushed. Very nice beach you've got here. Not a patch on Blackpool, mind.
SELTA: I ... I don't...
LUCIE MILLER: Right, look, Selta mate. I'm looking for someone. I'm hoping you can help ... Oh! Hang on.
(She grunts with effort.)
SELTA: Oh. You are in pain?
LUCIE MILLER: It's these tights. They're sodden. They've gone right up me...
SELTA: Tights?
LUCIE MILLER: Yep. Hang on, be right with you.
SELTA: These are tights?
LUCIE MILLER: Well, yeah.
(Snatching.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oi! Give them back.
(SELTA moving away.)
SELTA: I need these tights!
LUCIE MILLER: You've got tentacles. What do you need tights for? Oi! I'm talking to you!

(THE DOCTOR using sonic screwdriver.)
THE DOCTOR: Right, let's see if we can't get you going again, old girl.
(Sonic screwdriver whirr fades.)
THE DOCTOR: Oh no, don't *you* die on me, not now. These batteries were guaranteed for six lifetimes.
(Approaching SELTA.)
SELTA: Old Doctor .. Old Doctor...
(Chair moving.)
THE DOCTOR: Selta, sorry, I thought you were asleep.
SELTA: Look. Look!
LUCIE MILLER: (distant) Oi! Selta! Here!
THE DOCTOR: I don't believe it.
SELTA: See? See?
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, thank God.
(THE DOCTOR laughs.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh my God. Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God!
THE DOCTOR: Tights!
SELTA: Tights!
LUCIE MILLER: Tights?
THE DOCTOR: Come on, come on!
SELTA: I found them, on the beach.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, yes, yes. Give them here, give them here. Here, right, now let's just wind them around, like so.
SELTA: They are good?
THE DOCTOR: Well, a bit soggy, but they'll do the job. On the beach, you say?
SELTA: There was a biped. She fell.
LUCIE MILLER: Er, hello?
THE DOCTOR: Oh.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh? Oh ... my God?
SELTA: She says that a lot.
THE DOCTOR: Right, yes. Erm, hello. I'm the Doctor. Look, I'll be right with you, I've just got to get this scanner powered up.
LUCIE MILLER: Eh?
THE DOCTOR: Oh, er, yes. Sorry, it's been six hundred years since I last met a biped, so ... well, you know.
LUCIE MILLER: Six hundred...?
THE DOCTOR: Thanks. For the tights, I mean. Now, just hold this in place, would you, Selta?
SELTA: Here?
THE DOCTOR: Yes, spot on.
(While THE DOCTOR sounds as if he is working on his machine:)
LUCIE MILLER: Er ... I thought you were dead. I cried for days, weeks. It was like there was this great black worm in me gut chewing me up from the inside. I am talking to you!
THE DOCTOR: Mm?
LUCIE MILLER: It's me. It's Lucie.
THE DOCTOR: I'm sorry, do I know you?

[Part Two]
SELTA: Old Doctor, I ... think her gills may be damaged. Her mouth is moving, but she makes no sound.
THE DOCTOR: Bipedal hominid, Selta, she doesn't have any gills. Do I know you?
LUCIE MILLER: Just ... just a bit.
THE DOCTOR: Between you and me, my long-term memory isn't what it was, plus the last three hundred years or so, it's all a bit of a blur. You are from Earth, yes? Post Industrial, obviously.
LUCIE MILLER: Eh?
THE DOCTOR: Nylons. So I'm going to take a wild stab in the dark.
SELTA: No!
LUCIE MILLER: It's an expression.
SELTA: Ah.
THE DOCTOR: And I'm going to date you to the ... Nineteen Eighties. Nineteen Eighty-One.

Two? Three?
LUCIE MILLER: The Nineteen Eighties?
THE DOCTOR: Yes.
LUCIE MILLER: The Nineteen pigging Eighties!
THE DOCTOR: Ah.
LUCIE MILLER: Where's me pancake mascara? Me rah-rah skirt? Me big jewellery and me jacket rolled up at the sleeves?
SELTA: She is not from the ... Nineteen Eighties?
THE DOCTOR: No, perhaps not.
LUCIE MILLER: Early Twenty-First Century. We met in the early Twenty-First Century. I was dumped on you by the Time Lords? Some sort of witless protection scheme. And yeah, we knew each other a bit. On Red Rocket Rising with the Daleks? At Bramlington Services with Auntie Pat and the glam rock monsters?
THE DOCTOR: I'm sorry, I don't understand.
LUCIE MILLER: I'm Lucie! Lucie Miller, and you and me, we were the best of mates.
THE DOCTOR: No, no, really, I don't understand - it's the accent.
LUCIE MILLER: What's wrong with me accent?
THE DOCTOR: You'll have to speak slower. You see, it's a long time since I last heard Cockney.
LUCIE MILLER: Cockney!
THE DOCTOR: Yes, yes. Cockney. You know, I think it's coming back.
LUCIE MILLER: Come here.
THE DOCTOR: Why?
LUCIE MILLER: I want to show you something.
THE DOCTOR: What?
LUCIE MILLER: Back of me hand!
(Slap. THE DOCTOR gasps.)
SELTA: Old Doctor!
THE DOCTOR: Selta, she hit me.
SELTA: I know!
THE DOCTOR: It really hurt.
LUCIE MILLER: Good!
THE DOCTOR: No, no - it really, really hurt.
SELTA: I'll stroke it better.
THE DOCTOR: No, no, don't fuss.
SELTA: It's all right.
(Squelching.)
LUCIE MILLER: That's just disgusting.
THE DOCTOR: Actually I think that *is* better, thank you.
SELTA: You, Lucie Miller. I think you should leave now.
LUCIE MILLER: You know, perhaps I should. I know when I'm not wanted. Came halfway across the universe, only to get blown out for a jellyfish!
THE DOCTOR: Lucie Miller.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah?
THE DOCTOR: Thanks again.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, whatever. Bye, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Bye.
(Metal grinding as door closed.)
SELTA: That was an Earth female?
THE DOCTOR: I wonder how she got here.
SELTA: You have known many of these creatures?
THE DOCTOR: Hundreds.
SELTA: And were they all so aggressive?
THE DOCTOR: No, no, some of them were nice.
SELTA: Doctor, we have work to do. The atmospheric scanner, and the erratic behaviour of the Orbis moon?
THE DOCTOR: Yes, Our mysterious moon. You know Selta, memory's a funny thing. I've been here six hundred years or thereabouts, and I don't recall the moon being so big in the sky before. In fact...
SELTA: Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: In fact, I don't recall it being there at all, any time before the past few decades.
SELTA: Well, like you say, Doctor, memory is a funny thing.
THE DOCTOR: Oh yes. Come on, let's get to work.
(Moving things.)

(The TARDIS materialisation sound. Door opened.)
THE HEADHUNTER: Wonderful.
SACCOSTREA: Honoured Headhunter, at last. I am Secretary Saccostrea.
THE HEADHUNTER: I guessed. I was on time incidentally, you were late.
SACCOSTREA: Oh ... we Molluscari signed no contact.
THE HEADHUNTER: All right, Mr Picky.
SACCOSTREA: No, *Ms* Picky. The control pool is this way.
THE HEADHUNTER: No, I don't do "take me to your leader," Secretary. Bring your leader to *me!*

(Motors whirring.)
THE DOCTOR: Ah-ha!
SELTA: The tights work.
THE DOCTOR: Yeah. Now, let's see if we can't find out a little more about the mystery moon of Orbis.
SELTA: You should talk to the Earth girl, Old Doctor. There is something in her manner.
THE DOCTOR: Yeah, my chops are still smarting from her manner.
SELTA: She needs you, I think.
THE DOCTOR: Right now, Selta, Orbis needs me more. If I can just cross-reference the cache of data related to atmospheric conditions on the surface with known phases of the moon...
SELTA: I do not imagine that you would leave us - although, must be tempting.
THE DOCTOR: And where would I go?
SELTA: Earth?
THE DOCTOR: (amused) Earth?!
SELTA: Well, perhaps you have just forgotten what it was you loved about Earth.
THE DOCTOR: Well, perhaps. Oh no.
SELTA: What is it?
THE DOCTOR: Confirmation of the readings on the Molluscari data pearl.
SELTA: But what does it mean?
THE DOCTOR: It means the moon is drawing ever closer to the planet. That's what's causing the storms.
SELTA: But ... why is this happening?
THE DOCTOR: I don't know, but I bet my boots it's no coincidence the Molluscari are back.
(Machine stopped.)
SELTA: Where are we going? Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: To the township. I need to raise the Galactic Council on the inter-space radio, see if they can't get the Molluscari to back off while we work out what's really going on.
SELTA: But how will we do that?
THE DOCTOR: If I could I'd take a trip to the moon, find out what's really happening at first hand.
SELTA: The girl, Lucie. Perhaps she knows what happened to your TARDIS.
THE DOCTOR: No, no, no, no, an Earth girl of the early Twenty-First Century could no more fly the TARDIS than she could ... speak Keltan.
SELTA: But - she *did* speak Keltan.
THE DOCTOR: Oh no she didn't. Oh, stupid, stupid Doctor.
SELTA: I do not think you are stupid.
THE DOCTOR: Don't you see? Her speech was translated.
SELTA: How?
(Thing moved aside.)
THE DOCTOR: No time, Selta. Come on. We have to find her.
(Metal door slid open.)
SELTA: Doctor, wait! Doctor!

WHELK VOICE: Salt results negative.
THE HEADHUNTER: It'll be there.

CRASSOSTREA: Make them dive deeper.
SACCOSTREA: Great Crassostrea.
CRASSOSTREA: Deeper I said.
SACCOSTREA: But ... the pressure. Their shells will crack.
THE HEADHUNTER: Do as he says, Secretary.
SACCOSTREA: Of course. Deeper, you whelks. Deeper.
WHELK VOICE: Please ... Secretary Saccostrea...
SACCOSTREA: Deeper. Or receive a pain burn in your sensor valves.
THE HEADHUNTER: Thank you.
CRASSOSTREA: Great Crassostrea will keep his part of our bargain, Headhunter, if you keep yours.
THE HEADHUNTER: It's all in hand. The Doctor's companion has been delivered to him. Once you've recovered what it is I want from the sea bed...
CRASSOSTREA: Old Doctor will be removed from Orbis forever.
(Whelks crying out.)
WHELK VOICE: Too deep, Secretary, too deep.
(Shells cracking, cries, bubbling.)
THE HEADHUNTER: Oh, that's got to hurt.
SACCOSTREA: I have lost communication with the diving shoal.
CRASSOSTREA: Then send more! Or I'll crush their shells myself.

(Outside, shoreline. Walking up.)
THE DOCTOR: Lizzie? Lizzie.
LUCIE MILLER: Great.
THE DOCTOR: Look, I'm sorry. I've had a lot on my mind.
LUCIE MILLER: Whatever.
THE DOCTOR: Lizzie, you can talk.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. I'm a human being. We got past the gibbering for bananas stage a little while back.
THE DOCTOR: Yeah, yeah, but the point is, you can talk and that means...
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. My Cockney gibbers are being translated.
THE DOCTOR: By the TARDIS. Yes. Where is it?
LUCIE MILLER: The Headhunter's got it.
THE DOCTOR: The Headhunter?
LUCIE MILLER: Oh ... This memory thing's going to be a right pig, innit?
THE DOCTOR: Headhunter. Part-recruitment consultant, part-assassin?
LUCIE MILLER: Oh! You remember *her*, then?
THE DOCTOR: I'm just going by the name - Headhunter, hmm?
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. She's a ... cow. Thing is, Doctor, the TARDIS isn't quite what it used to be.
THE DOCTOR: Slap me.
LUCIE MILLER: You what?
THE DOCTOR: You heard. Give me a slap.
LUCIE MILLER: No.
THE DOCTOR: Lizzie, you've been in the TARDIS recently, so...
LUCIE MILLER: I don't just slap to order, mate. You want that sort of thing, you ask your jellyfish friend.
THE DOCTOR: Your fingertips are charged with chronon particles. Bits of the TARDIS. When you hit me before, it reinvigorated my dormant neurons. I'm beginning to remember things.
LUCIE MILLER: You are?
THE DOCTOR: Things I'd forgotten I'd forgotten. Morbius?
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, Morbius.
THE DOCTOR: Daleks, Cybermen, Autons, Axons.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, and me, Doctor, what about me?
THE DOCTOR: I mean, it's all swirling around a bit, lots of bipedal hominids, lots of screaming, shouting, slamming of doors...
LUCIE MILLER: Well, I suppose it's a start.
THE DOCTOR: Good. We need to find this Headhunter, find the TARDIS.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, and get the hell out of here!
THE DOCTOR: Lizzie, I'm not leaving Orbis.

LUCIE MILLER: But ... Eh?
THE DOCTOR: I'm happy here. Now, with the TARDIS, I can find out what's up with the Orbis moon, fix it, and stop the Molluscari.
LUCIE MILLER: You don't get it. You travel through time and space. You play tiddlywinks with Tsarinas, and beat up monsters, and ... you're mad about trains.
THE DOCTOR: That's who I was, perhaps. But this place, Orbis, it's changed me. They took me in, the Keltans, when I fell, they nurtured me, nourished me. I'm not leaving, Lizzie.
LUCIE MILLER: Lucie. It's Lucie! L...
(Slap. THE DOCTOR cry.)
LUCIE MILLER: U...
(Slap.)
THE DOCTOR: Ouch!
LUCIE MILLER: C...
(Slap. THE DOCTOR cry.)
LUCIE MILLER: I...
(Slap.)
THE DOCTOR: Aah!
LUCIE MILLER: E!
(Slap.)
THE DOCTOR: Ooh!
LUCIE MILLER: Lucie bleeding Miller! Got that?
(SELTA approaching.
SELTA: Stop that! Stop.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, look. It's Nellie the Jellyphant.
THE DOCTOR: It's all right, Selta, I - I - I asked her to.
LUCIE MILLER: I'm recharging his neurons, okay? Nothing kinky.
THE DOCTOR: Ah. I think all the residual charge has been exhausted.
SELTA: Old Doctor, you have to know. Bloom Father Yanos has received a call from the Galactic Council.
THE DOCTOR: What? They called him?
SELTA: On the inter-space radio.
THE DOCTOR: Well, quick, to the township. Come on Selta, you too, Lillie.
(Rushing off.)
LUCIE MILLER: I told you, it's L... Oh, what's the flaming use?

(Underwater bleep sounds.)
SACCOSTREA: There!
CRASSOSTREA: Sighted the object?
THE HEADHUNTER: Yes. That's the right signature. Trawl it in.
SACCOSTREA: And then?
CRASSOSTREA: Then we confront Old Doctor, and Orbis will be ours.

(Male GALACTIC COUNCILLOR heard on static-filled radio.)
GALACTIC COUNCILLOR: An appeal can only be heard in six orbits time to allow for a cooling-off period.
YANOS: We understand, but this is not an ordinary circumstance, Councillor.
THE DOCTOR: No, no, no - Yanos!
SELTA: Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Give me the mike, please.
SELTA: Please, Bloom Father.
GALACTIC COUNCILLOR: Yanos, I take it our discussion is terminated.
THE DOCTOR: Wait, wait, wait, Councillor. This is Old Doctor. Now, there's more to this business than first appeared. I believe the passage of the Orbis moon has been adversely affected by an external agency, and that is why...
(Static.)
THE DOCTOR: Councillor.
LUCIE MILLER: They've cut you off.
THE DOCTOR: They've cut me off?
YANOS: It is true.
(Rumbling overhead.)

THE DOCTOR: Oh no.
LUCIE MILLER: What?
YANOS: The Molluscari.
SELTA: They're back.
YANOS: Disaster. Calamity.
(Bleeps.)
LUCIE MILLER: The radio.
THE DOCTOR: The Council. It's not too late.
(CRASSOSTREA on radio.)
CRASSOSTREA: Attention, attention. Creatures of Orbis.
THE DOCTOR: Oh no.

CRASSOSTREA: Your tenancy is over. Your planet has rejected you. We, the Molluscari, claim Orbis for our own.
(Clacking of shells.)
CRASSOSTREA: The Great Crassostrea is not unsympathetic to your plight. In the spirit of species solidarity, I have decided to transport a select number of you to an artificial enclave elsewhere in this galaxy. A not entirely satisfactory solution, but it's the best offer you'll get.

CRASSOSTREA: (radio:) Selection will be made according to age, weight, general health and breeding potential.
LUCIE MILLER: Hark at the lifestyle fascist.
THE DOCTOR: Shush.
CRASSOSTREA: (radio) Prime specimens will be permitted to bring a limited number of Bloom kin. Those Keltans who wish to be considered for selection will assemble on the far beaches. But don't take too long about it. The weather forecast is highly inauspicious.
(Bleep of disconnection, silence.)
LUCIE MILLER: Well? Doctor?
YANOS: What do we do, Old Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: I need time.
SELTA: Doctor?
(THE HEADHUNTER approaches.)
THE HEADHUNTER: Time, he says. Six hundred years he's had to save you from extinction, and now he needs more time.
LUCIE MILLER: You!
THE HEADHUNTER: Me.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, it's her. The Headhunter.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, the Headhunter.
YANOS: Old Doctor, who is this hominid?
THE HEADHUNTER: You lead the Keltans, is that right?
YANOS: Yes. I am Yanos.
THE HEADHUNTER: Well then, Yanos, shouldn't you be heading to the beaches? Because if there's one thing I know, it's a good offer. And the Molluscari offer, believe me, is the best you're gonna get.
LUCIE MILLER: Like you want to listen to her.
(LUCIE MILLER muffled struggles.)
THE DOCTOR: Selta, what are you doing?
SELTA: This Lucie of yours, she talks rubbish. Bloom Father, the Headhunter is right. There is no better alternative.
(SELTA cries out.)
SELTA: Ow! She bit me.
(LUCIE MILLER spitting out in disgust.)
LUCIE MILLER: Yuck! Tastes like sushi!
(SELTA sobs.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh God, sorry. Are you okay?
THE DOCTOR: Look, just step away from her. Selta, are you all right?
SELTA: I shall ... recover.
THE DOCTOR: Good, good. I want you to take this.
SELTA: Your sonic drive-screwer?
THE DOCTOR: Exactly. Go and meet the Molluscari, keep them talking as long as you can. If

they try any funny business, vibrate them.
YANOS: And you, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: I have business with this ... hominid.
(LUCIE MILLER coughs.)
THE DOCTOR: I won't be long. Perhaps you could give us a few moments, Yanos.
YANOS: Of course.
SELTA: And Lucie Miller?
LUCIE MILLER: Don't worry. She's got business with this hominid too.
THE DOCTOR: Just go, Selta.
SELTA: I trust you, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: I know.
SELTA: Goodbye, Doctor. Come, Bloom Father.
THE HEADHUNTER: Now, perhaps we can talk?
LUCIE MILLER: Talk? Right. Talk to the fist, more like!
(Struggle.)
THE HEADHUNTER: For heaven's sake.
(Whine, shot fired, LUCIE MILLER gasps, falls.)
THE DOCTOR: Lucie!

SACCOSTREA: I have to report, the Keltans are beginning to gather at the shoreline, Great Crassostrea. Young ones, old ones, fat bloated juicy ones.
CRASSOSTREA: (laughs.) What did I tell you, Secretary? (Laughs.) All clam-ships prepare to land, and prepare to begin the processing.

THE DOCTOR: Lucie, come on, stay with me.
(Gentle slapping of face.)
LUCIE MILLER: Don't fuss. It's all right.
THE DOCTOR: All right?
LUCIE MILLER: Look.
(LUCIE MILLER gasps.)
THE DOCTOR: I don't understand.
THE HEADHUNTER: It's a time bullet. Currently burrowing its way into Ms Miller's chest at a rate of one millimetre every thirty seconds.
LUCIE MILLER: Crazy, innit?
THE HEADHUNTER: I can speed it up, I can slow it down, I can extract it altogether.
LUCIE MILLER: I don't know about you, Doctor, but I'm favouring option three.
THE DOCTOR: What do you want? What is this for?
THE HEADHUNTER: I want you to do a small something for me. It's not difficult.
THE DOCTOR: I'm listening.
THE HEADHUNTER: I'll reverse the bullet. I'll even return your TARDIS to you, how about that?
LUCIE MILLER: What's the catch?
THE DOCTOR: I'm still listening.
THE HEADHUNTER: Then you leave Orbis.
THE DOCTOR: And that's it?
THE HEADHUNTER: You don't know what it is I want you to do yet.
THE DOCTOR: Go on.
THE HEADHUNTER: I want you to switch off this.
THE DOCTOR: I can't switch off a lump of ... what is it, coral?
THE HEADHUNTER: Take it, go on.
(LUCIE MILLER gasping.)
LUCIE MILLER: What is it, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: No, it's not coral. Coral-encrusted.
THE HEADHUNTER: I don't have a hammer to hand.
THE DOCTOR: It's all right, I've got my sonic screwdriver, here ... Oh. Selta. Oh well, here goes.
(Breaking.)
THE HEADHUNTER: Be careful!
THE DOCTOR: That's got it.
LUCIE MILLER: Well? What is it?
THE DOCTOR: It can't be.

THE HEADHUNTER: Six hundred years it's been in the Great Ocean of Orbis. Six hundred years since you brought it here.
THE DOCTOR: Is it still functioning?
THE HEADHUNTER: I say "since you brought it here." I should say, it brought *you* here.
THE DOCTOR: Yes.
THE HEADHUNTER: The Sisterhood couldn't have cared less about saving *you* , Doctor. It was what you were holding when you fell they wanted safe.
LUCIE MILLER: Yes, but what is it?
THE DOCTOR: The remote activator for a Stellar Manipulator. A source of awesome power.
LUCIE MILLER: Stellar manipulator? What, like Morbius had?
THE HEADHUNTER: Exactly like.
THE DOCTOR: I took it from Morbius. I was holding it when I fell all those centuries ago. It sank, I didn't.
THE HEADHUNTER: It's Time Lord technology, Doctor, it will recognise only you. Now, switch it off or Lucie bites the bullet.
(LUCIE MILLER moans.)
THE DOCTOR: No.
THE HEADHUNTER: What!
THE DOCTOR: I know when I'm being rolled over. The two of you are in this together, aren't you?
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, no. No, no, no, no.
THE DOCTOR: I don't know what you want this activator for. It belonged to Morbius, and nothing good ever belonged to Morbius, and I can't imagine that you are up to anything good, so until I find out exactly what is going on, I shall keep it in my pocket, switched on.
THE HEADHUNTER: You really are a puffed-up contrary little oik, aren't you?
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor...
THE DOCTOR: If I'm right, Headhunter, you'll let this Lucie live.
(LUCIE MILLER cries out.)
THE DOCTOR: And if I'm wrong...
THE HEADHUNTER: Yes.
THE DOCTOR: Well, I'm rarely wrong. So now if you will excuse me, I have some friends who really do need my help. Goodbye.
(Walking off.)
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor ... Doctor, no, please! Doctor!

(Sound of assembled group.)
CRASSOSTREA: Keltans, listen to me. The five clam ships we have brought to Orbis cannot possibly carry the whole of your colony. However, ours is merely the advance party. A fleet fifty times the size will shortly be arriving here on Orbis. In the mean time, my advance troops have orders to prepare you all for transportation.
YANOS: Prepare? What is this prepare?
CRASSOSTREA: Troops, round them up into manageable groups.
YANOS: No, wait. What - what are you doing?
CRASSOSTREA: You're turning green, Yanos. That's the Keltan colour for fear, isn't it? I'm reliably informed that green Keltans make the best...
YANOS: Slaves, is that it?
CRASSOSTREA: Eating. Well, Cook says so. Well, Cook actually says that green Keltan is best killed after being slowly agonised over a number of hours. Hence my use of the word preparation.
SACCOSTREA: Torture, to be blunt.
CRASSOSTREA: Molluscari, you may terrify the food.
(Screaming.)

(Running up.)
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, please!
THE DOCTOR: What now? I thought you were dying.
LUCIE MILLER: I bleeding am, and I am bleeding.
THE DOCTOR: Well then you'd better get back to your Head-hunting friend. Goodbye.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh! You're not listening to me. (Gasps.) I mean, I only got shot, half-drowned and shot again all just to see you. But you don't care any more, do you, about any of it. You

don't care that I'm dying. You don't even care that the TARDIS is dying.
THE DOCTOR: TARDISes can't die. Not in the way *you* mean.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah well, it was doing a pretty good impression, belching out Space-destroying time waste everywhere.
THE DOCTOR: Time waste? What do you mean, time waste?
LUCIE MILLER: All over the Vortex. Oh, but you go on. Never mind that your flaming TARDIS is wrecking the Universe. Never mind that your other best friend is literally ... dying before your very eyes. Oh no. You've got some jellyfish to save.
THE DOCTOR: Now you're just being offensive.
THE HEADHUNTER: I hate to interrupt, but there's something going on on the beach.
(Distant shouts.)
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. It smells like a barbie.
THE DOCTOR: I have to go.
(Walking off.)

(Screaming by Keltans.)
CRASSOSTREA: Be careful not to burn the flesh on your electro-spears. Just make sure it's nicely caramalised.
YANOS: You ... you can't do this.
CRASSOSTREA: We Molluscari need the waters of Orbis in which to spawn, but before we spawn, we need to feast.
YANOS: Stop it, please...
SELTA: No. No, this has continued long enough.
CRASSOSTREA: Who said that?
SACCOSTREA: The female, Selta.
CRASSOSTREA: Oh, so that's Selta. Nice chunky tentacles. I expect it to wriggle as well as it's being digested.
SELTA: Release my Bloom Father, Crassostrea, for I carry this.
(Metal device.)
SELTA: Old Doctor's sonic drive-screwer.
(CRASSOSTREA laughs.)
CRASSOSTREA: You wouldn't know what to do with it.
SELTA: Oh no?
CRASSOSTREA: No.
(Sonic screwdriver operated. Gasping.)
SACCOSTREA: Turn it off!
SELTA: This is not what you promised, Secretary Saccostrea.
CRASSOSTREA: Please ... please...
SELTA: And one should always keep one's promises.
(SACCOSTREA gasps. Cracking.)
CRASSOSTREA: Secretary.
YANOS: She's dead. Selta ... Selta, what have you done?
SELTA: The same thing I'll do to the Great Crassostrea, if she does not honour our bargain.
(Sonic screwdriver in operation. CRASSOSTREA gasps.)
SELTA: Well? Well?
THE DOCTOR: That's enough, Selta.
(CRASSOSTREA gasping.)
THE DOCTOR: I said that's enough.
(Sonic screwdriver turned off.)
SELTA: Old Doctor, I ... I am sorry.
THE DOCTOR: I'll have my sonic screwdriver back, if you don't mind. It's not a weapon.
SELTA: I didn't mean...
THE DOCTOR: Well, you did, Selta, you did.
CRASSOSTREA: Well ... don't bother mourning the Secretary. Frankly I was planning on eating her myself.
THE DOCTOR: Shut up.
(CRASSOSTREA grunts.)
THE DOCTOR: What bargain, Selta?
SELTA: Erm, doesn't matter.
THE DOCTOR: "Honour the bargain." What bargain would that be?

SELTA: I ... I...
THE DOCTOR: I did wonder why the readings on the Molluscari data pearl so exactly accorded with the readings on the atmospheric scanner. They were so precise, they could only have been taken from the surface of Orbis.
CRASSOSTREA: There were no Molluscari on Orbis.
THE DOCTOR: No, but they had an agent.
SELTA: They said ... they said that Orbis faced catastrophe, one that not even you could avert, Old Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Perhaps not.
SELTA: They would save a few of my bloom-kin, no more. It was not for me, Old Doctor, you must understand. I would have let them go and stayed behind to die by your side.
THE DOCTOR: Oh Selta, I never wanted devotion. All I wanted was a friend.
SELTA: Forgive me, please.
THE DOCTOR: I'd like to.
SELTA: Please!
THE DOCTOR: Molluscari, leave here. Leave this world and never return.
THE HEADHUNTER: (arriving) You think you can hold off a whole army of Molluscari with a clapped-out sonic screwdriver, Doctor? Crassostrea, have the Doctor's TARDIS brought from your ship.
CRASSOSTREA: Bring that box onto the shore.
THE DOCTOR: What are you up to now?
(Struggling to move box in background.)
CRASSOSTREA: We are here by legal right. It is time for you to leave the Keltans to their fate. Return to your old life with your Earth female.
THE DOCTOR: Orbis is my life now. The Keltans are my people. I won't desert them.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor ... Look, they've got the ... the TARDIS.
(LUCIE MILLER gasps.)
CRASSOSTREA: Leave now, Doctor, with your friend, or stay and die with the Keltans. It is time for our spawning, and we must feed!
LUCIE MILLER: You want to eat the jellyfish-people? That's disgusting.
THE DOCTOR: You can find your protein elsewhere, Molluscari. Release the Keltans now.
THE HEADHUNTER: Oh, come to your senses, for goodness sake, Doctor. Do you really want to die on this wretched little planet?
CRASSOSTREA: You cannot overpower us all. Troops, take him, cut him, and his little friend, to pieces.
(Noise of shells.)
LUCIE MILLER: No, you can't.
THE DOCTOR: Stay back, I'm warning you.
(Sonic screwdriver in operation.)
THE HEADHUNTER: Wait! Wait, stop, all of you!
CRASSOSTREA: Do not interfere, Headhunter. You have failed us, and you will...
THE HEADHUNTER: Yes, yes, never mind all that. He's still got the Stellar Manipulator activator and he hasn't switched it off.
CRASSOSTREA: Hold!
(Sonic screwdriver stops.)
LUCIE MILLER: Why are you lot so keen on him switching that thing off anyway?
THE DOCTOR: She has a very good point there.
CRASSOSTREA: You said he *would* switch it off.
THE HEADHUNTER: Yes well, I said a lot of things, didn't I? I just didn't bargain on the Doctor being quite such an irritating tick.
CRASSOSTREA: Switch it off!
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, you can't do what they want. You can't. We can't just let them eat the Keltans.
THE DOCTOR: You've changed your tune. Wasn't I supposed to just leave here with you and go and save the Universe from - what was it? Time waste?
LUCIE MILLER: That can wait, can't it? I mean, the TARDIS can travel in time. We can leave that until later. First thing is, we've got to stop what's going on here. I mean, you love these people, don't you? And they're good people. I can see that. I know I got a bit jealous of what's-her-face, Jelly Furtado, but we can't just go and leave them to die.
(LUCIE MILLER gasps:)

LUCIE MILLER: Oh, God.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie Miller. Lucie bleeding Miller. You must have thought I was dead.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, I did.
THE DOCTOR: And I can't let you die either, Lucie. You want me to switch this off and leave?
SELTA: Please. Don't leave us, Old Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: I'm not all that old, you know? I may have been here a few hundred years, but we're an ancient lot, us Time Lords. And to be honest, I lost track of how old I really was eons ago. I tend to round it down a bit, making a few adjustments for variations in year length across the cosmos. I could be four hundred years old, seven hundred, nine hundred, or in some parts of a particularly obscure galaxy I'd be just, er, two. But however old I am, I wasn't born yesterday. So if you want me to switch this off, the first thing is, you Headhunter?
THE HEADHUNTER: Yes, what?
THE DOCTOR: Un-shoot Lucie.
THE HEADHUNTER: And you'll switch off the manipulator?
THE DOCTOR: I have my hand on the control now.
CRASSOSTREA: Do as he says, Headhunter. Now.
(Reverse shooting. LUCIE MILLER gasps, sighs.)
THE DOCTOR: Better?
LUCIE MILLER: You can't imagine.
THE HEADHUNTER: Oh, get on with it!
THE DOCTOR: I'm beginning to remember you too. Your type. And as a rule I try to do the exact opposite of what people like you tell me to.
THE HEADHUNTER: Doctor...
THE DOCTOR: So when you say switch the activator off, I tend to think, why not increase the power?
THE HEADHUNTER: Doctor, don't!
THE DOCTOR: There.
(Bleeps.)
THE DOCTOR: Well, nothing's happened.
(Very big explosions.)
THE HEADHUNTER: You madman! You maniac! You don't know what you've done!
(Thunder, rain. Moaned cries.)
YANOS: It is the end of Orbis. The end of everything!
LUCIE MILLER: Oh Doctor, you've bleeding gone and done it now.
THE DOCTOR: Everything's white. Why is everything white?
SELTA: The moon. Old Doctor, look what you've done to the moon.
THE DOCTOR: The moon?
SELTA: You've brought down the moon.
THE DOCTOR: That's not the moon.
THE HEADHUNTER: Oh, does he get it now? Does he at last understand?
LUCIE MILLER: He might, but I pigging don't.
THE HEADHUNDTER: The Orbis moon. It first appeared in Tween-space a few centuries back, tiny at first, getting bigger and bigger in the sky, drawn inexorably towards a spot fifty miles out in the Great Ocean of Orbis.
THE DOCTOR: Drawn inexorably towards its controller.
LUCIE MILLER: You mean that's...?
THE DOCTOR: That's no moon. It never was. It's the Stellar Manipulator engineered by that madman Morbius. Dormant for centuries, poised hovering in the sky until you, Headhunter, dragged its activator from the seabed.
THE HEADHUNTER: Until you, Doctor, turned up the power. Now, switch it off.
THE DOCTOR: The controls are jammed. I can't reverse it, it's jammed!
(Screeching.)
CRASSOSTREA: Aah! aah! The ocean is boiling! My Molluscari.
THE DOCTOR: Crassostrea, you must help us. Orbis is dying. Load up your clam-ships.
CRASSOSTREA: Well, I ... I'd like to, Doctor, but you see, what with the increase in the ambient temperature...
THE DOCTOR: Crassostrea?
CRASSOSTREA: I'm spawning!
(Noises all around of Molluscari.)
LUCIE MILLER: The Molluscari, they're going mad!

THE HEADHUNTER: They're in a feeding frenzy. I've got to hand it to you, Doctor. When you mess things up, you mess them up big time.
LUCIE MILLER: Lay off, you. If you'd been straight with him, with all of us...
THE HEADHUNTER: It wouldn't have changed a thing. I told you, the Manipulator was drawing closer of its own accord. It was weeks, days away from auto-igniting. Now, let's get into the TARDIS and get out of here!
THE DOCTOR: I can't just leave them. Keltans, don't panic. Don't run. I can save you.
YANOS: You, Old Doctor, what good can you do?
(Squelching, YANOS cry as though he is being eaten.)
SELTA: Bloom Father!
LUCIE MILLER: Don't look, Selta, mate. We have to get to the TARDIS.
SELTA: No!
LUCIE MILLER: No arguing.
(Munching, SELTA cries out.)
THE DOCTOR: Selta! Oh...
THE HEADHUNTER: Give me that activator.
THE DOCTOR: Why? It won't do any good. It won't stop this.
THE HEADHUNTER: No, but if I throw it into the sea...
(Splash.)
THE DOCTOR: What did you do that for?
THE HEADHUNTER: It's gone. I don't want that thing anywhere near me. The Manipulator will destroy it along with Orbis.
(Screaming all around.)
CRASSOSTREA: Ah! Eat! Eat! Spawn!
THE DOCTOR: This is horrible.
THE HEADHUNTER: Right. TARDIS key, and...
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor? Doctor, come on. Get in the TARDIS!
THE HEADHUNTER: Well, are you coming or not?
THE DOCTOR: I'm sorry, Lucie, I really do remember you now. We were the best of friends, weren't we?
LUCIE MILLER: We still are!
THE DOCTOR: We had a great time, running away from bad things. But that was a lifetime ago and it was so brief.
LUCIE MILLER: What? What are you saying?
THE DOCTOR: I stopped running away from the bad things a long time ago. My life here meant everything to me.
LUCIE MILLER: You can't stay. You'll die if you stay.
THE DOCTOR: Everyone dies some day, Lucie.
THE HEADHUNTER: Come on!
LUCIE MILLER: Give me your gun.
THE HEADHUNTER: What?
LUCIE MILLER: Give it to me.
THE DOCTOR: What are you going to do now? Are you going to shoot me, Lucie? With time bullets?
(Whine begins.)
LUCIE MILLER: Damn right I am!
(Shot, echoing.)

(Reverse of shooting. Sound of TARDIS control room.)
THE DOCTOR: Time bullets. Who ever heard of such a thing?
THE HEADHUNTER: Back with us? Wonderful.
THE DOCTOR: The TARDIS. I'm in the TARDIS.
LUCIE MILLER: How are you feeling?
THE DOCTOR: You shot me.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. Sorry. I suppose I was being ... well, selfish.
THE DOCTOR: Look, sometimes people don't want to be saved. Sometimes it's time to die. You should respect that.
LUCIE MILLER: It wasn't just for me. Although I admit I did do it for me. But it was for Earth, the Universe, you know? This TARDIS of yours has created one hell of a problem.
THE DOCTOR: Oh yes, this time waste business.

THE HEADHUNTER: (laughs.) "Time waste."
LUCIE MILLER: Eh?
THE HEADHUNTER: Whoever heard of such a thing?
LUCIE MILLER: You were having me on?
THE HEADHUNTER: A little extra motivation never hurt anyone, Lucie Miller.
LUCIE MILLER: You! You lying cow!
THE HEADHUNTER: Ah, ah, ah!
(Whine of time bullet gun.)
THE HEADHUNTER: Unless you want another time bullet in your chest.
THE DOCTOR: Orbis. I have to get back to Orbis.
(Whirring noise from console.)
THE DOCTOR: I can't see it. Where is it? Where's Orbis?
LUCIE MILLER: It's gone, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Well - it c - it can't just have gone!
THE HEADHUNTER: Consumed by the Manipulator. And with its activator consumed, the Manipulator's gone too. And with it, one awesome threat to the Universe defused. Say thank you, Headhunter.
THE DOCTOR: (whispered) Thank you.
THE HEADHUNTER: Oh, spare us your ire. The Universe doesn't just stop because you've opted to play happy families with a bunch of jellyfish for six hundred years. Someone's got to do the saving the whole of Creation stuff and frankly, I and certain of my associates have been getting rather sick of it.
LUCIE MILLER: What are you on about?
THE HEADHUNTER: As much as I hate to admit it, the Universe can't do without him. Welcome back, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: No, no, it's different now, I am different now.
THE HEADHUNTER: Your problem, not mine. Goodbye, Doctor.
(Her echoing voice obscured by the sound of a teleport.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh .. Eh? Where did she go?
(Console sounds.)
THE DOCTOR: The console's registering a teleport spore. All the way back to her warp ship, I imagine.
LUCIE MILLER: So...
THE DOCTOR: So.
LUCIE MILLER: I'm sorry. She tricked me, I ... I suppose I should have been smarter, let you get on with your life. Sorry.
THE DOCTOR: I could have saved them.
LUCIE MILLER: What with? You couldn't even fix yourself up with a pair of tights till I came along.
THE DOCTOR: I could have done something. They were bright, resourceful.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. They were. It was horrible.
THE DOCTOR: You're sad.
LUCIE MILLER: I'm only human. You used to like the Earth, you know. Called it your home from home.
THE DOCTOR: Did I?
LUCIE MILLER: You couldn't have saved Orbis. But there's plenty of other planets still need saving.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, like Earth?
LUCIE MILLER: Well, yeah.
THE DOCTOR: Polluted, overpopulated, full of gibbering monkeys, hell-bent on their own destruction?
LUCIE MILLER: Nah. That's just Blackpool.
(LUCIE MILLER chuckles.)
LUCIE MILLER: That was a smile. I saw it. That was definitely a smile.
THE DOCTOR: Yeah, I remember you, Lucie Miller.
LUCIE MILLER: You do?
THE DOCTOR: So the Earth needs saving, you reckon?
LUCIE MILLER: From time to time, yeah.
THE DOCTOR: All right, then.
(Console bleeps.)

THE DOCTOR: After all, it's not like I've got anything better to do.
(TARDIS dematerialisation sound.)